

# THE KINGDOM OF QUIET

A PEACEFULNESS has descended on the English countryside—a blessed, timely peacefulness. Despite the defiant roar of fighter planes and the ominous drone of bombers, despite all the alarms and excursions of war, the prevailing, dominant note of the English scene, this summer is one of tranquillity. If you would find peace triumphant in a world at war, go out into an English lane, walk through a meadow or a wood, climb up a hill and down into the valley, meander beside a gentle-flowing stream, rest awhile in a village of the byways—there you will surely find a peace and quiet that passeth understanding.

"It's just like fifty years ago," remarked an old Borrowdale man as he stood at his superb dalehead and listened to the quiet. "There are only buses three times a day and no cars. The road over Honister Pass is deserted except for the walkers. The Lake District is just as it was in my boyhood."

He was looking out on one of those great scenes of English beauty which change not. Lumbering Glaramara with its rolling heights stands guardian over it like some mythical knobbed giant. By the flanks of Glaramara runs the gracious Langstroth—queen of English dales.

## Reminders of War

There under Eagle Crag, where you see the high ridge of Greenup Edge leading on to High White Stones and Langdale Pikes, you are at the heart of our kingdom of quiet. There are no sounds except the rush of the stream and its attendant gills and forces.

The Lake District, however, is not the only part of our beautiful Britain to which the war has brought quiet. While the mighty plans of war are being mounted, and Britain stands ready to meet any foe, a deep quiet has come to her countryside. It is noticeable in Devon where the twisting lanes are free from the screech of the car; a small town we know in Dorset has gone back into the sleepy quietness of long ago; while in East Anglia the long straight road across the Fens runs clear and white.

It is, of course, against a background of noise and anxiety that we contemplate this quiet. The drone of aeroplanes is never very far away, and only a short run from the peace and quiet of the Lake District is the roaring heart of Lancashire putting out tremendous efforts on behalf of Britain's war plans.

But the kingdom of quiet is here, and this summer we have the chance of enjoying it in simple and refreshing ways.

## On Foot Through Britain

Never was there a better time to see Britain. The day of the walker with a few days break from his war duty is here. A pair of stout shoes and a rucksack and all Britain lies before him ready to share her deep quietness in a way that we shall probably never know again. Even the main roads are highways now for the walker and the cyclist. He is most likely to be alone on them for miles except for farm carts and farmers' gigs, which have been brought out from dusty barns and repainted for the road.

The youth of Britain have an admirable method of seeing their land in its dress of quiet. There are over 200 youth hostels scattered in the quiet places, where for a

shilling a night there is a simple bed, and for another half-crown good food at evening and morning. They lie among the hills of North Wales and under the peak of Snowdon; they range along the Pilgrims' Way from Winchester to Canterbury and on the edge of Dartmoor; along the border between England and Scotland they are flung, and beside the Marches of Wales. Through the quiet ranges of Cotswold hill and valley these citadels of youth have been built, and high on England's backbone, the Pennines. The hostels are for the simple folk who can enjoy the quiet and the long silences of hill and moor, and then come home at night for laughter and friendship round the common table—those who feel with the Psalmist that

*In His hand are the deep places of the earth;  
the strength of the hills is His also.*

BRITAIN now spreads her land of quiet while the cars are off the roads and the traffic in the lovely places has ceased. But it will not always be so. This is a respite in a world of noise that is bound to be noisier when the clouds of war have passed. We cannot put the clock back, nor can we abolish the marvels of the engine and the miracles of speed. This is a moment, however, in which to plan and think about making and preserving a kingdom of quiet in a world of noise. It can be done in Britain.

Clearly there must be fast motor roads where the traffic can speed, and the great lorries take the merchandise of the markets from place to place in quick time. We must have the great centres of transport efficiently organised so that it will be easy to move about our small island. Our cities need remoulding so that muddle and confusion are reduced and the lines of nobility in the dwellings of man are revealed. In all this it may be that the scientist will be able to reduce noise, dust, and racket to a minimum.

## A Vision of the Future

He will see visions of cities, villages, and countryside lying under the quiet sun and rain in which man's noisy inventions become vehicles of quietness ministering to his common life. No doubt rubber wheels, sweetly moving engines, softly changing gears, and an odourless petrol will all help in the kingdom of quiet after the war.

But there is another way of making a kingdom of quiet. We must see to it that certain areas of our beautiful home are preserved for ever and dedicated to peace and quietness. Obviously the Lake District is supreme in the Englishman's dream of a kingdom of quiet. Even now the heights which range from Kidsty Pike westward to Pillar Rock are sentinels of quietness where the soul of the fell-walker may be certain of communion with God and may feel the breath of God's spirit from the hills. But the lower reaches of those hills, and many other parts of Britain, too, are by no means secure. What magnificent memorials to freedom some great areas of Britain could be—the Lake District, the Peak District, Snowdonia, Dovedale, the Moors of the West Country, and many others—glorious stretches of this green and pleasant land preserved in quietness and peace for its people for ever.

EVEN today in a tragic world we may enjoy our land as a Kingdom of Quiet, and make sure that it shall become a haven worthy of its heroic people.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EVERY  
TUESDAY  
3d

POSTAGE.  
Inland 1d  
Abroad 1d  
No 1270

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE



## Cook

At a centre in Ontario where Wrens are being trained as cooks for the Royal Canadian Navy

## The Shake and Shudder Boys

SOME of the "men in the back room" in the U.S. have been searching for a remedy for what is known as the "flutter" in aeroplanes. Their friends and admirers call them the Shake and Shudder Boys.

When what is called the period of vibration of the wings of a plane differs too much from the period of vibration of the body of the plane, the wings may begin to shake more violently and may even break off. The shake and shudder boys are examining the point at which

structural failure occurs, and at what speed the wing would part company with the plane; and are searching for preventives.

This shuddering, or disturbance of the period of vibration, may occur when a regiment of soldiers marching in step is crossing a bridge and officers in charge are asked to give the command Break Step. It might be modified, if we knew more about it, in buses and passenger coaches, to the lightening of their equipment and the comfort of the passenger.

## The Things That Mattered

A GROUP of Mennonite men from a Civilian Public Service camp in Iowa helped the city of Council Bluffs to fortify its dykes to guard against damage from the Missouri floods. The city engineer wanted to thank them.

Could he treat them all to a show? he inquired. "No, thank you," replied the men. Then, would they like cigarettes or beer all round? This also was declined. Was there any other way the city could show its appreciation of the hard work they had put in?

"Yes," said the Mennonites. They would be grateful for some aprons for their camp cooks, and

some dish towels. These were supplied.

The Mennonites form one of the three Historic Peace Churches of America. Their founder, Menno Simons, was born in Friesland about the year 1496. He was a priest who was influenced by the writings of Luther and the martyrdom of the Anabaptists. As a result he founded a new society, which opposed war, capital punishment, the taking of oaths, and a salaried ministry, and insisted on personal faith as the qualification for its Church. This Church was the first in America to protest against slavery.



# ASSAULT ON HITLER'S FORTRESS

## New Engines of War

ONCE more in her long story the island of Sicily has become the battlefield of the greatest World Powers of their day. Twice at least in history Sicily has been the scene where new weapons of war have been introduced.

In the great invasion of the island which began a few days ago and was the opening of the assault on Hitler's Fortress of Europe, the United Nations made use of many new devices.

American, British, and Canadian troops landed at the south-east corner of Sicily along 100 miles of coast from Licata to Syracuse. A little over 2000 years ago Syracuse was the scene of another great landing which had been held up for a long time by machines invented by Archimedes, the greatest man of science in ancient times.

Today, however, the new weapons have been used in attack. Before the actual landing hundreds of planes had smashed airfields, communications, and strong points, the most vital being the Axis Headquarters at Taormina. Then in the darkness of night airborne troops descended in gliders and by parachute at vital inland points. With daylight a great fleet of 2000 vessels bore down upon the coast. There were new types of landing craft from which rushed soldiers carrying weapons never tried out in action before and which successfully overcame the beach defences.

As General Eisenhower said in a message to the people in France, "It is the first stage in the liberation of the European Continent. There will be others"; and President Roosevelt, carrying a famous statement of Mr Churchill a stage farther, said, "I think we can almost say this action is the beginning of the end."

Syracuse, on the right flank of the first landing by the United Nations, was in its finest days a Greek city, shining with radiance. Here in the third century B.C. Archimedes lived, worked, and died an untimely death.

Still acclaimed the most perfect type of scientific mind, he revealed the use and properties of the lever; he discovered, when stepping into a well-filled

bath, the secret of specific gravity; he invented the Archimedean endless screw, which, enclosed in a cylinder, has ever since been raising water in Egypt; and he added immeasurably to knowledge in geometry and mathematics.

During his day Syracuse took sides with Carthage against Rome in the second Punic war, and was attacked by a Roman fleet and army. To Archimedes alone it owed its escape from immediate conquest. Called from his peaceful studies to serve as military engineer, he furnished a series of defences such as had never before been conceived.

As Roman ships approached the harbour huge catapults rose mysterious from behind the walls to cast immense stones at them. Massive timbers were hurled down on the vessels' decks, and frightful grapples seized the craft by stern or prow, and, raising them endwise out of the water, let them fall, to plunge straight to the sea-bottom.

Deeming such opposition sheer wizardry, the Romans substituted siege and consequent starvation for direct attack, and so succeeded. The city fell, and soldiers entering found Archimedes deep in contemplation of a problem which he was working out with diagrams in the sand on the floor of his house. When a soldier raised his sword the philosopher besought him not to disturb the design he had outlined in the sand, then fell dead from the barbarous stroke. With him passed a gentle, gracious spirit, with genius unequalled.

Science, which in peace and war has built so much on his discoveries, has always acknowledged Archimedes as the earliest and most illustrious of its martyrs.

## A CANADIAN BEVERIDGE PLAN

A select committee of 41 members appointed by the Canadian Parliament is now studying a report on social security prepared Dr Leonard C. Marsh.

The estimated cost of the plan is 1000 million dollars (nearly £250,000,000), or about one-eighth of the present Canadian national income. About half of this sum would be contributed by employers and all benefiting from the plan, and the other half would come from taxation. The chief proposals are a minimum monthly income of about £6 14s for individuals, £10 for married couples, with some £3 4s extra for each child; and there would be in addition, apart from family income, an allowance of about £2 for each child.

The Marsh Plan also embodies specific proposals for Unemployment and Health Insurance, and Disability, Old Age and Widows Pensions.

## The Man Who Knows

In a celebration broadcast from Chungking to the United States General Stillwell, commander of American forces in China, India, and Burma, said:

On July 7 the Chinese people will observe the sixth anniversary of the outbreak of war with Japan. Known as Double Seventh day because it took place on the seventh day of the seventh month; this year it is also Triple Seventh day in as much as China enters the seventh year of her war with the Japanese.

The Chinese people have had a bitter and heroic struggle, but their indomitable spirit has always been strengthened by their confidence in ultimate victory.

Now that the United Nations stand beside her, China has been strengthened and the Japanese know full well that their violation of China's right to live peacefully in a free world will be avenged.

## More Money For Millions

NEVER has the nation had so many small nest-eggs as now. Increased war earnings are responsible, numerous workers making thrift a regular habit, investing in Savings Certificates and other forms of Government Security, and so building up useful reserves for the coming days of Peace.

From time to time the Ministry of Labour publishes the results of official investigation of earnings in our manufacturing industries. The latest information is for the last week in January, when it was found that the average weekly earnings of men and women, boys and girls, were only a penny a week less than 88s, which means that earnings have increased by 80 per cent since October, 1939.

No small part of this remarkable increase was due to a rise of working time and to higher output affecting piece work. The figure of 88s per week represents the average drawn by some 6,250,000 manual wage earners; but the report also gives the following details of weekly earnings in January last:

Men, 21 and over ..	113s 9d
Youths and boys ..	45s 1d
Women 18 and over ..	58s 6d
Girls .. .. .	32s 1d

The cost of living has only increased by about a quarter since the war began, so that the increase in money earnings has been largely an increase in real wage; allowance, however, must be made for income tax.

We must also remember that the increase in earnings has varied very greatly between one trade and another. For example, in the paper and printing industries the average increase of men's weekly earnings was only about a quarter, but in the metal, engineering, and ship-building trades it rose by three-quarters.

## MORE BOYS' CLUBS

At the annual conference of the National Association of Boys' Clubs at Reading University the other day Lord Aberdare expressed his strong belief that club life at its highest was religious in essence, and he wished that the churches would devote themselves more vigorously to forming good clubs.

He declared that the club must show the boy the joy of that co-ordination of hand and eye which made a perfect stroke at cricket, the sheer physical satisfaction which came from a hard-fought game, the creative satisfactions of arts and crafts, and the intellectual satisfactions of drama and literature.

The CN congratulates the Association on its increase of 292 affiliated clubs and 37,187 members last year, and hopes that this remarkable progress will be maintained.

## THINGS SEEN

Wheat growing on the thatched roof of a cottage at Stanton in the Cotswolds.

Hollyhocks blooming among the bombed ruins of Canterbury's main shopping street.

Two ploughs and sheaves of rye decorating the chancel of Trowbridge parish church on Farm Sunday.

# LITTLE NEWS REELS

IN 1942 the Rockefeller Foundation devoted over £2,000,000 to noble work, nearly a third of this sum going to the cause of public health.

In their drive against Kursk the Germans lost 2609 tanks and 1037 planes in less than a week.

Travel inquiries by telephone to Euston's "At Your Service" Bureau now average 4000 daily, twice the pre-war figure.

More than 600 members of the Women's Land Army are engaged in catching and killing rats in England and Wales.

The small locality of Galloway Flat, Central Otago, in the South Island of New Zealand, has so far sent 20 young men into the various Services, but with one exception all have either been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner.

Since war began over a thousand aircraft have been shot down by the guns of the Royal Navy, the Merchant Navy, and aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm.

An American who took part in the US raid on Tokyo has revealed that broomsticks were used as tail "scare guns."

## Youth News Reel

A PARTY of Polish refugee children in Lusaka, Northern Rhodesia, have formed two companies of Girl Guides and one pack of Brownies.

For the rescue of a young girl from a swift-flowing river two Godalming Scouts, aged 11 and 13, have been awarded the Scout Gilt Cross for Gallantry.

Wolf Cub George Wooldridge has been awarded the Cornwell Scout Certificate. A member of the 22nd Odham (Hants) Pack, George has endured great pain, his left leg having been blown off by a bomb explosion.

Picking out aluminium rivets from the sweepings of a local aircraft factory is the National Service of Vancouver (Canada)

Cargoes sent from Canada to Greece have included 142,435 tons of wheat, 20,751 tons of pulse and soup concentrate, and 21,174 tons of powdered and condensed milk.

35,806 tons of bones have been collected from householders since the war started.

It has been suggested that a Phoenix should be added to the arms of Coventry, to celebrate her resurrection from her ordeal by fire.

A Czech airman, Cadet Vladimir Hevcik, who for some time has been serving in Scotland, some time ago expressed a desire to study with the object of becoming a minister of the Church of Scotland. He has now passed all his examinations and will soon be ordained.

A 16-year-old boy, while trying to fill a cigarette lighter caused a Mosquito aircraft to catch fire. The damage which resulted was assessed at £2000.

Three model villages are being built at Enugu in Nigeria for the 3000 natives who work in the local colliery and produce over 45,000 tons a month. Enugu Colliery is the only State coal mine in our Colonial Empire.

Scouts. The establishment buys back the rivets, and the money the Scouts receive goes to the Welfare Agency to help soldiers' families.

Squadron Leader "Bluey" Truscott, Australian ace fighter pilot, who was killed recently, was a Scout of the 2nd Ebrahan (South Australia) Troop.

"The sixty years of The BB have been marked by magnificent service, and The Boys' Brigade is capturing for the days of peace the great military virtues—the virtues of courage, prompt obedience, and the carrying out with readiness and willingness whatever duty is allotted to us in the pattern of life."

The Archbishop of Canterbury

## Gobelin's Folly

THERE is something in a name, when the name means a Raphael painting, a Grinling Gibbons carving, a Chippendale cabinet, or, varying the medium in which the artist works, a Gobelin tapestry.

Masterpieces of art and craftsmanship have always been the loot of invading ruffians—the Napoleons and Hitlers of this world. So, as tapestries from Strasbourg Cathedral were stored in the French Château de Haute-fort, it is not surprising to learn that an official mission of Nazi brigands recently arrived with lorries, looted the castle and carried off the storied hangings.

Gobelin tapestries derive their value from the fact that they are produced by an establishment which throughout centuries of continuous effort and achievement has gained worldwide fame. Five hundred years ago the firm was created in Paris by John Gobelin, who, beginning as a dyer, discovered a peculiarly rich and beautiful red tint. Convinced that he had in it an abiding source of wealth, he spent such sums on his business that it was derisively called "Gobelin's folly."

But fortune attended the "folly," and generation after generation of the Gobelin family

produced fine results, grew rich, and bought their way into the nobility of France. The making of tapestries was added to the firm's industries in the 16th century and when the enterprise was taken over by the State a hundred years later, the making of tapestries became its only business.

The original name was retained and gave a sort of warranty of excellence for the works of art which have ever since flowed from Gobelin's. For their designs artists of the highest eminence were employed and highly skilled artisans were entrusted with the looms.

Gobelin and other tapestries long draped the noblest of unpapered chamber walls. Volumes would be required to tell the scenes in palace and mansion of which they formed the background.

## Bicycle For a Slogan

The Cycle Manufacturers Union offers a bicycle for the best slogan emphasising the need for making tyres last. Envelopes marked "Slogan" in the top left-hand corner should reach Camden House, 201, Warwick Road, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, not later than first post on Saturday, July 31.



## A Memorable Harvest

THE CN asks all its readers who have the necessary health and strength to devote at least a part of their holidays to some useful work in our harvest fields.

Mr R. S. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, has congratulated the nation that this year our farmers have sown to such good purpose. We should reap a harvest that would live in the memory of man.

It is essential to point out, however, that the harvest is likely to be so big—probably the best part of 100,000,000 tons—that the farmers and their own workers cannot hope to lift it unaided. For this reason Mr

Hudson repeats the request he had already made to the general public for 500,000 volunteer harvest workers. Britain today is one of the most fertile spots in the world, and he believed that the country had enough pride in its agriculture to pull its full weight in getting in the magnificent results of their labours in the fields.

The CN is glad to record that the camp schemes arranged for boys and girls by the school authorities are making excellent progress. Grown-up readers who wish to help should apply to their local War Agricultural Committee or Citizens Advice Bureau.

## BACK TO THE HORSE

Old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicles are coming to their own once more, and owing to the increased demand their prices have risen considerably.

Ponies are also going up in value, and as much as £150 is being realised for a steady, reliable pony suitable for such conveyances. People who own these discarded old traps and carriages are now having them repaired and overhauled for a new lease of service.



Carved figures above the entrance to one of the Maori meeting-houses at Rotorua. See below

## Maoris and the Motherland

FOR more than a hundred years the splendid Maoris of New Zealand have owned allegiance to the British Crown.

To celebrate this fact the greatest Maori gathering for many years was held at Rotorua, the centre of the famous hot springs area in North Island, where two specially-carved Maori meeting-houses were officially opened not long ago by the Governor-General, Sir Cyril Newall.

The Maoris are Christians, and the first ceremony was a religious service of homage to the members of the Maori Battalion who had laid down their lives in the Empire's two great wars of the last 30 years; and

the two meeting-houses commemorate these heroes as well as acknowledge the Maori appreciation of a hundred years of British rule.

Native songs and dances were performed throughout the celebrations, which included a colourful pageant of the youth of the Rotorua district; and the Governor-General presented colours to the Te Arawa troop of Boy Scouts and the Rotorua company of Girl Guides, while the Scout Gift Cross was handed to Rihari Haia, a young Scout leader who rescued a small child from drowning last December.

There are no finer sons of Empire than New Zealand's splendid Maoris.

## RESOLUTION & PATRIOTISM

MR OLIVER LYTTLETON, the Minister of Production, in a recent BBC broadcast gave as an illustration of the effect of the resolution and patriotism of our people, the striking fact that we have lost in the last 12 months from industrial disputes less than one hour of each worker's time! He added the following illustrations of what the nation had done for our war effort:

As a direct result of clothes rationing, and the consequent saving of labour in the production of garments, more than 500,000 workers have been released for other work.

As a result of the concentration of industry another 250,000 workers have been set free for essential work.

So great has been the nation's economy in saving labour for war work, that we are now living on less than half the imports brought into the country in a normal year before the war.

The average weekly hours worked by men have exceeded 55; by women it has exceeded 50. They could not do more than that, for at longer hours undue fatigue would prevent the further increase of output.

Most people knew, declared Mr Lyttelton, that under the Lease-Lend system we had received from America considerable aid. It was not so well known that the Lease-Lend aid which we ourselves were giving to America and Russia this year is equal to a high proportion of the Lease-Lend aid given us by America.

## TRAFFIC HALTED

The Times recently published a photograph of a duck followed by seven ducklings crossing the road near Buckingham Palace while a policeman held up the traffic.

The next day Mr R. Holland Martin wrote to say that some time ago he had similarly been held up in St James's Park to allow a duck and ducklings to cross the road, and on his way home in the afternoon he had been held up again, but this time by an elephant.

## REMEMBERING THE MERCHANT SEAMEN

Speaking at the launching of the 10,000-ton cargo ship Greenwich, Mr E. H. Watts, the well-known shipowner, said that after the last war we forgot to look after our merchant service. Now, he added, our seamen were eagerly looking to the future, not worrying so much about the dangers they had to face in wartime as about the question of employment.

For ourselves, we hope and trust the nation will not forget also the debt it owes to British seamen who have perished in their onerous task of bringing supplies to our island. The losses of merchant seamen have been, as we know, very great, and it is a pity that they are not better known to the public.

## STRUCK BY A BAT

A CN correspondent writes: The other evening, for the first time after over 40 years of observation of their flying habits, I was struck a sharp blow on the ear while standing in the garden watching the movements of a swiftly-flying bat. It was so unusual that I feel impelled to ask whether many readers of the CN have had a similar experience.

## Aerodromes While You Wait

THE days are long past when almost any big field could be turned into an aerodrome by putting up a hangar in one corner.

Modern planes require concrete runways to support their vast bulk, and naturally it is a slow and costly business to construct these. American engineers have been experimenting with a new method of making runways, and they have found that by mixing cement with almost any kind of soil it is possible to form a surface which is a satisfactory wartime expedient, hard enough to withstand the take-offs and landings of a heavy bomber.

## A KIND THOUGHT IN A QUEUE

The official thanks of the local Food Committee have been given to two young women of Edmonton, a suburb of North London.

The queues for the new ration books were long and wearisome for thousands of harassed housewives in many parts of the country, though there were areas in which arrangements were so intelligently made that there were no queues at all.

But in Edmonton there were two very considerate young women who decided to relieve the tedium of the patient crowds. They brought out their piano, and entertained their fellow-housewives with pleasant music so that the waiting time slipped away unnoticed.

## JACK AND HIS PETS

A sailor on leave was passing through York station the other day when he called at the Services canteen and asked one of the lady helpers to look after a basket which he placed on the counter.

When asked what it contained he replied: "My pigeon and my rabbit," and he pulled out a frightened black rabbit. "I had a spot of bother, and I had to swim with them, but I think they're all right now."

## SHE PLAYED FOR THEM

At a recent Promenade concert Miss Vina Barnden played Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto. Those who knew the full story understood why the pianist set such store by her performance.

Miss Barnden is an Australian, and she was enabled to come to England to complete her musical studies because friends in her home town had raised no less than £1250 to help her on her way. That was five years ago; and as the Promenade concert was broadcast she was thrilled to know that for the first time since leaving Australia the folk at home would be listening to her.

## Lucky Mustafa

FOR long Mustafa Donmez, who lives in Turkey, has kept sheep and dreamed. He has dreamed about trains. Always the railway has fascinated him, and always he has wanted a chance to work on the railway.

His chance came dramatically. The train from Ankara to Istanbul was crowded one day not long ago. It left Ankara about sunset and travelled quickly till the driver was astonished to see a boy waving a piece of red material on the end of a stick. He pulled up, but not before three coaches had been derailed, though, thanks to Mustafa, no one was seriously injured. There had been a cloudburst,

The cement is spread over the ground, ploughed in and harrowed with ordinary farm implements, watered, and rolled flat. When set it is coated with bitumen to reinforce and protect the surface. The only special machine required is a heavy roller with hundreds of knobs projecting from it which dig down through the loose topsoil and consolidate a firm foundation.

Such a runway, of course, has not the lasting qualities of genuine concrete, but it costs less than a quarter as much, and can be laid in days instead of weeks.



Post Girl

Post offices at some R A F stations are now staffed by W A A Fs. Here is a post girl setting off on her round.

## A VILLAGE HELPS

The villagers of Rackheath, Norfolk, believe in the motto *Save, Help, Give* as a wartime duty.

There are only 640 inhabitants but they have built a village hall in their spare time so as to stage entertainments to raise money for war charities. During the last eight weeks they have given liberally to the Aid to Russia and Prisoners of War Funds, the local Lifeboat, the District Nursing Association, the Boy Scouts, and the Girl Guides.

and the rain had washed away a section of the track. Had the express been travelling at high speed there would have been a terrible accident, but this was averted by this clever shepherd lad of 16. Seeing that the track was unsafe, Mustafa, who of course knew when the train was due, ran home, found a piece of red material, tied it to a stick, and ran to meet the train.

The grateful passengers quickly collected a sum of money to reward Mustafa; but what has thrilled him even more is the promise made by the Turkish Government that he shall be given an opportunity to begin a railway career.



## The EDITOR'S TABLE

### TIME THE MIRACLE WORKER

WHAT a pleasure it was to see the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack flying together over Westminster Abbey on July 4, American Independence Day. Yet little more than 100 years separates us from the time when Britain was at war with that newly-founded United States and when many men died in a desperate quarrel. We might also recall that Waterloo was fought in 1815, only 128 years ago, at the end of what for long seemed a never-to-be-ended war with France.

It is only by reminding ourselves of old, dead quarrels that we can renew our faith in the eventual triumph of peace.

### Sure Shields

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Isaiah 26, 3

In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength.

Isaiah 30, 15

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

2 Timothy 1, 7

### At the Kerb, Halt

MAY is one of the three dangerous months, but we are glad to see that its evil reputation for road accidents is disappearing.

The road deaths figure for the month this year, 431, was the lowest in May for many years, and it is particularly gratifying to note such a big drop in the number of children killed, 78, against 134 in May last year.

It seems as if the lesson of Kerb Drill is being heeded and we make no apology for repeating here the words that every child should know by heart:

At the kerb, halt. Eyes right, eyes left. If all clear, quick march!

### JUST AN IDEA

When men speak ill of thee live so that nobody will believe them, said Plato.

## The Bell of Faith Must Ring

ONE of the most poignant but ennobling passages we have come upon in recent months is the following, from the Rockefeller Foundation Review for 1942. It is a clarion call, not only to America, but to the whole world. It tells how in 1881 the College of William and Mary in Virginia closed its doors for nearly seven years.

The Battles of the Civil War had been fought up and down the Peninsula and had left the college physically in ruins; and although it struggled to keep going during the bitter time of Reconstruction, it was finally overcome by financial catastrophe. But every morning

during those seven years President Ewell rang the chapel bell. There were no students; the faculty had disappeared; and rain seeped through the leaky roofs of the desolate buildings. But President Ewell still rang the bell. It was a gesture of defiance. It was a symbol of determination that the intellectual and cultural traditions must be kept alive, even in a bankrupt world.

That was more than sixty years ago. Today the world has even more urgent need for the ringing of such bells, of such gestures of defiance, of such acts of faith. Without them Civilisation is doomed.

## A HOUSE OF STUDY FOR EVERY TOWN

AN interesting suggestion was made the other day by Sir Richard Livingstone, President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, at a conference of Soroptimist Clubs in London, where women interested in education, had gathered to discuss future plans. Sir Richard advocated the foundation in every British town of a "house of study," preferably linked with a public library.

Here we would wish to see the establishment of lecture and reading rooms, halls for music and drama, and comfortable canteens for refreshment of the body when the mind had been duly refreshed. The mass of the

people, said Sir Richard, must have interests in life other than poor films, bad newspapers, sport, and betting, and there should be a nation-wide system of adult education.

These, in the opinion of the C.N., need not be mere wishful thoughts. Such things are not only attainable, but easily attainable. But we shall never have them unless we insist on having them, work for them, and are prepared to pay for them. The price will be very small compared with the return these "houses of study" would give us in the better future for which we are all hoping.

## What's a Boy Without His Pockets?

MR HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, is very popular with boys who know him; but hundreds of thousands of boys who do not know him have a serious grievance against this distinguished economist, for he has taken some pockets from new suits.

What is a boy without his pockets? For generations pockets have been essential to the happy existence of small boys, though small girls have always managed to do without them. But then, small girls do not accumulate a mixture of pencils, chalk, nibs, bits of string, sweetmeats, conkers, matchboxes containing insects live and dead, and possibly an occasional live frog or a white mouse.

Pockets are comfortable things to have, for they give one a sense of property, even though the property may have little but sentimental value. To know that you have four capacious pockets, if you are a small boy, is to feel that you may be filling them up any day with treasures to excite the envy of your friends. Without pockets how could any boy indulge in the fascinating pastime of "swapping"?

Ah, Mr Dalton, we know you have your duty to perform. But do you realise what pangs its performance has brought to many a sensitive young heart?

### GRIM LAUGHTER

To counter the war of nerves the Germans have been told to laugh when they hear bad news. If they keep this hearty laughter movement going there is little doubt we shall hear their guffaws echoing across the North Sea during the next few weeks.

### Naval Supremacy

THE U.S. Navy Minister, Colonel Knox, has stated that America now has the most powerful fleet in the world in actual commission, despite the disaster of Pearl Harbour. He added that by the end of this year the American Navy will be increased by 60 per cent in tonnage and 100 per cent in numbers over last year's figures.

If we add the British the two fleets have supremacy over the warships possessed by all the other nations of the world.



### Willing Helper

Two-year-old Christopher Woodall's idea of helping on his father's farm at Chailey in Sussex

## CHANCE AND THE MAN

THE American long-range air attack on Nauru Island, one of the mid-Pacific island conquests of the Japanese, has recalled the strange story of that isolated source of wealth.

Forty-four years ago a man in a Sydney office stumbled over a door-stop of rock which, to his trained geological sense, possessed possibilities.

He had the rock analysed and found that it consisted of phosphates, that is, mineralised remains of animals and of their undigested meals eaten millions of years ago. The rock had come from Nauru Island, and from that discovery developed an industry in fertilisers that made Nauru one of the world's richest producing centres of this invaluable aid to agriculture. Nauru was mandated to the British Empire after the last war, and Australia has a share in its wealth.

This romantic industry took its rise in England a century ago, when Dean Buckland, excavating the fossil remains of creatures that had been lords of creation in the age of great reptiles, discovered not only the complete bodies, but the very meals that were left undigested by them—fishes half-digested in the stomachs of monster fish-lizards, and even the stain of ink left from the cuttlefishes they had eaten.

The Dean, with the help of Lord Playfair and Baron Liebig, the great German chemist, decided that the remains lying before them were rich in phos-

phate of lime, or bone earth, the most precious of soil-fertilisers, and that from the tombs of life long extinct the exhausted fields of England might be restored to fertility. So began the vast phosphate industry and a new gift by science of fruitfulness to the agricultural world.

It may prove that phosphates will be of greater abiding consequence to Australia than the gold by which she was suddenly enriched at about the time that the chemistry of agriculture was being raised by skilled hands from its cradle.

Australia's gold will one day be exhausted. Phosphates will prevent exhaustion overtaking her soil. For that discovery we must ever be mindful of marvellous old Dr Buckland, who was Dean of Westminster Abbey, and the Australian who stumbled over a door-stop.

### CASH

In the Treasuries of the world's capitals the cost of the war is being calculated in astronomical millions of pounds, dollars, roubles, marks, yen, lire, and so on—mere bookkeeping accounts for the most part.

In some of the little islands of the Pacific soldiers of the United Nations are finding that money is valueless, but a pair of earrings from a sixpenny store at home will hire labour for trench-digging; or a few other cheap bits of gaudy jewellery will buy a horse!

## Under the Editor's Table

A NEW publication is called The Ideal Boy's Book. But where is the ideal boy?

WINDOW cleaners are in great demand. Think it is time they had a look in.

A GARDENER says he likes to see a tidy garden walk. Depends where it walks to.

NAZIS are painting their military vehicles dark yellow instead of grey. Always up to shady tricks.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If we make a bold front by putting our backs into it

BOARD of Trade officials may soon be wearing wooden-soled boots. Not made out of the Board.

A LADY wore a dress manufactured from glass. Must have been the glass of fashion.

ITALIAN waiters in Germany have been sent home. Couldn't wait until war ends.

THE Bank of England is calling back its ten-pound notes. Wish we could.



# THE MEN OF THE TREES

## A Notable Coming of Age

ON July 21 the society called the Men of the Trees is 21, and it is rightly proud of its achievement during its growing-up years in helping to make the nation more tree-conscious.

Sir George Courthope recently told Parliament that the Forestry Commission proposed to plant five million acres of timber trees in the next fifty years; but while the Men of the Trees are naturally heartened by this long-range programme they believe that before any great progress can be made it is also necessary to cultivate an enlightened public opinion as regards our forest requirements, and that intelligent management and use of our country's forests and relative resources of soil, water, wild life, outdoor recreation, and employment are essential to our healthy existence.

### From Acorn to Oak

The Men of the Trees began, humbly but hopefully, in this country in 1924, but its real origin was in Kenya Colony in 1922, when Richard St Barbe Baker founded the Watu-Wa-Miti on the lines of the Boy Scout movement.

Mr Baker, whilst Assistant Conservator of Forests in the Kikuyu region, was so appalled by the waste and danger of the wholesale destruction of forests by the natives that he planned a league of prevention suitable to the character of the African. At a Council of Elders he explained his idea, pointing out how much better it would be if instead of offering sacrifices and prayers for rain in times of drought they ceased to destroy the forests which condense the rain, and planted trees to replace those already destroyed. The Chiefs discussed the idea and found it good, and then Mr Baker proposed the formation of a Society of Forests Scouts. The Chiefs were initiated as Forest Guides, and then, from a gathering of three thousand warriors, fifty were chosen as members of a select society, each solemnly vowing to do at least one good deed a day, to plant ten trees each year, and to take care of trees everywhere.

The Watu-Wa-Miti was the acorn which today is flourishing, and bidding fair to grow into a mighty oak. Such were the beginnings of a society whose aims are tree-culture and the spreading of knowledge about trees, and sees in the expansion of its ideals the building-up of a finer sense of citizenship.

To commemorate this coming of age the Men of the Trees are endeavouring to plant ten trees for every one felled, and to give trees for the planting of pit dumps and avenues, and flower-

ing and fruiting trees for cottage gardens. To these praiseworthy ends it will devote subscriptions to its Million Shilling Planting Fund (33, The Little Boltons, London, S.W.10), which has already distributed and planted two million little trees.

Many famous men and women who are lovers of our countryside have paid warm tribute to the work of the Men of the Trees, and have sent congratulations on this notable anniversary. Mr Leslie Burgin, M.P., wrote, "Tree-lovers—and who amongst us does not love a tree—must always be grateful to those who before our time planted the trees which we ourselves are thus able to enjoy. Let us in our turn plant now and enable planting to be done. We shall then certainly be blessed by countless numbers of those who follow after." Mr J. W. Robertson Scott, Editor of The Countryman, wrote, "You must be encouraged by the great development of interest in your subject during the past twenty-one years, thanks not a little to your efforts. If the nation keeps on getting more and more country-minded during the next twenty-one years, what may we not see!"

### Arthur Mee's Message

Those are typical of the messages of good will received by the Men of the Trees, and the C.N. for its part, feels that it can do no less than quote the inspiring words of Arthur Mee—almost the last words penned by a man who not only loved trees but made his own lovely garden lovelier with trees planted by his own hands.

"A thousand blessings on the Men of the Trees upon their coming of age," Arthur Mee wrote:

"Our trees come down, but millions more are coming up. The mighty oaks of Old England's ancient walls, the delicate silver birches trembling in the wind, the poplars like fingers pointing up to Heaven, the slender ash trees swaying in the gale.

"Save them for us, Men of the Trees, for our England is robbed of her heritage if they go. Who plants a tree leaves the world a living monument of beauty, strength, and inspiration. God bless you. May He shelter your acorns till they are noble oaks, and may Men of the Trees in a thousand years be sitting in the shade of the woods and forests that come from your warm hearts and generous hand."

## Shark Eats Shark

THE story recently told in the C.N. of the use to which torpedoed sailors put their shark assailants recalls to a reader the straits to which the crew of the Quest, Sir Ernest Shackleton's last ship, were reduced on the Antarctic voyage which cost the gallant leader his life.

At one stage, fresh food being necessary, a boat's crew was sent off to a little cove which teemed with fish. These rushed pell-mell for the baited hooks

of the sailors, but before the catch could be hauled in, sharks swallowed down fish, bait, and all. So Shackleton's men fished for shark, and, having caught one, they hauled it into the boat, killed it, and threw it overboard. That did the trick.

So great grew the congregation of live sharks rending and devouring their dead fellow that the seamen were able to carry on their legitimate fishing without further interruption.

## CARRY ON

### Ill Fares the Land

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed can never be supplied.  
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When every rood of ground maintained its man,  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life required, but gave no more;  
His best companions, innocence and health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth. Oliver Goldsmith

### THE SPIRIT IS MORE THAN THE CREED

RELIGIOUS forms and ceremonies, as well as rituals and injunctions of creeds and spiritual institutions, have a tendency to encourage the spirit of love and worship; and are to a limited extent helpful in wearing out the ego-shell in which human consciousness is caught.

But if they are unintelligently and mechanically followed the inner spirit of love and worship gets dried up, and then they only result in hardening the ego-shell rather than wearing it out. Therefore, rituals and ceremonies cannot carry a man very far on the Path; and when they are deprived of all inner life and meaning they might be said to be even dangerous. Lifeless forms and ceremonies become a side-tracking on the Path, and often through mere force of habit man becomes so much attached to these external forms that he cannot be disillusioned about their imaginary value except through intense suffering.

Meher Baba, a writer well-loved in India

### A Prayer For the RAF

GOD of the shining hosts that range on high,  
Lord of the Seraphim serving day and night,  
Hear us for these, our squadrons of the sky,  
And give to them the shelter of Thy might.

Thine are the arrows of the storm-cloud's breath,  
Thine, too, the tempest or the zephyr still;  
Take in Thy keeping those who, facing death,  
Bravely go forth to do a nation's will.

High in the trackless space that paves Thy throne,  
Claim by Thy love these souls in danger's thrall;  
Be Thou their Pilot through the great unknown,  
Then shall they mount as eagles and not fall. May Rowland

## An American Looks at England

MONTESQUIEU once said, "England is the freest country in the world. If a man had as many enemies as hairs on his head, no harm would come to him."

Into English logic an infusion of justice enters, not so apparent in other races—a belief in the existence of two sides, and the resolution to see fair play. There is on every question an appeal from the assertion of the parties to the proof of what is asserted. They kiss the dust before a fact . . . the universe of Englishmen will suspend judgment until the trial can be had.

I happened to arrive in England at the moment of crisis. But it was evident that, let who will fail, England will not. These people have sat here for a thousand years and here will continue to sit.

I find the Englishman to be him of all men who stands firmest in his shoes . . . the one thing the English value is *pluck*. The word is not beautiful, but on the quality they signify by it the nation is unanimous. The cabmen have it; the merchants have it; the bishops have it; the women have it; the journals have it.

The sea-shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men.

Every man carries the English system in his brain, knows what

is confided to him and does the best he can. The chancellor carries England on his mace, the midshipman at the point of his dirk, the smith on his hammer, the cook in the bowl of his spoon.

In politics and in war they hold together as by hooks of steel. They embrace their cause with more tenacity than their life. These private, reserved, mute family-men can adopt a public end with all their heart, and their strength of affection makes the romance of their heroes. The difference of rank does not divide the national heart . . . In England the language of the noble is the language of the poor. In Parliament, in pulpits, in theatres, when the speakers rise to thought and passion, the language becomes idiomatic; the people in the street best understand the best words. And their language seems drawn from the Bible, the Common Law, and the works of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Pope, Young, Cowper, Burns, and Scott.

Their looks bespeak an invincible stoutness. They are good at storming redoubts, at boarding frigates, at dying in the last ditch, or any desperate service that has daylight and honour in it.

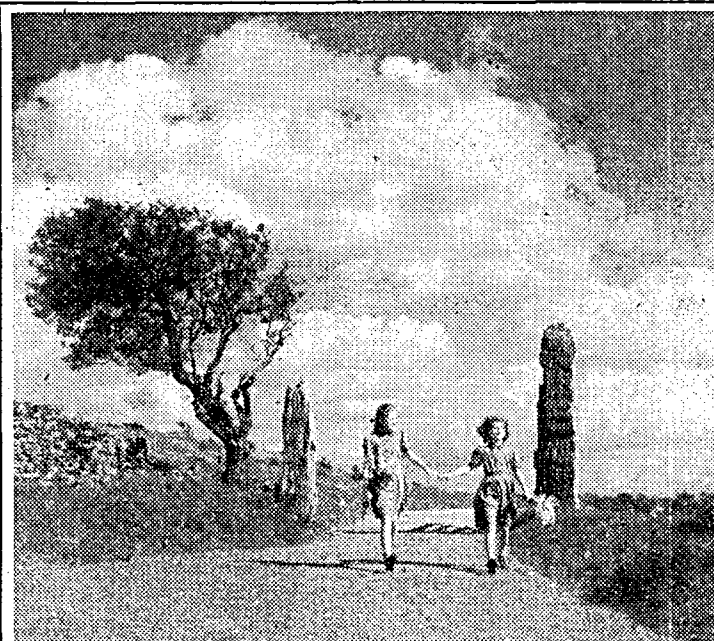
The stability of England is the security of the modern world.

Written nearly a century ago by Emerson

## LAND OF MY BIRTH

SCOTLAND! Thy rugged shores I had to leave  
And travel far across the trackless foam  
To realise the spell that thou dost weave  
On all whose right it is to call thee Home.  
The grandeur of thy towering mountain peaks,  
The purple heather of the moorland wide,  
The lochs and glens—in all these beauty speaks

Of things divine that ever shall abide.  
The music of the pipes, both grave and gay,  
Makes heart to throb and tears to dim the eye;  
Majestic old psalm-tunes my soul convey  
Up to the very throne of God on high.  
Land of my birth, I pledge my life to thee,  
Thy worthy son I'll ever strive to be! David Effaye



THIS ENGLAND

In search of peace and quiet on a Lakeland hilltop



## This Kind World

MANY of the gifts which pour into the Red Cross, Comforts Department have stories of kindly thoughts and unexpected enterprises behind them.

Seven little girls of a Lancashire village, aged between four and eight, for instance, have formed themselves into a "Self Last Club" and meet once a week to make articles for the benefit of the Red Cross. A girl's school in Devon has already made nearly 150 garments, and a ten-years-old Bath schoolgirl has organised little knitting parties among her friends and recently gave two blankets for sick Service men. From a young A.T.S. member comes a mouth-organ with a note that she can play only one tune on it, and hopes that a sick soldier or a bored prisoner-of-war can do better!

At the other end of the scale, 80-years-old Mrs Jane Felsted, of East London, a former member of the D'Oyly Carte Company, has recently made all her treasured chorus dresses into large hold-all bags for patients in Service hospitals. Gifts come to the Fund from all over the world, notably from a Gold Coast working party, Uruguay, and far-away New Zealand. One of the most unexpected and touching parcels was of woollen comforts from a soldier in the Farne Island Force, who said he had more than he needed, and wished to share them with a man less fortunate.

An interesting request came from soldiers in North Africa who begged for photos of the King and Queen. These were soon on their way, a gift from Miss Dorothy Wilding, the photographer.



### Audience

Interested spectators at a presentation of ballet given by the Sadlers Wells Company in Victoria Park, London

## Fuzzy Wuzzy ANGELS

*A correspondent has sent us this poem written a few months ago by an Australian soldier fighting in New Guinea in a letter to his mother. Soon it became famous throughout Australia. Thousands of copies printed on cards known as Fuzzy Wuzzy cards have been sold, the proceeds enabling The Courier Mail of Brisbane, with the Australian Comforts Fund and the Red Cross Society, to send special comforts to the Fuzzy Wuzzies, as the Diggers call the loyal natives.*

MANY a mother in Australia, when the busy day is done, Sends a prayer to the Almighty for the keeping of her son; Asking that an angel guide him, and to bring him safely back— Now we see those prayers are answered, on the Owen Stanley track.

Though they haven't any haloes, only holes slashed through the ear, And their faces marked with tattoos and with scratch pins in their hair, Bringing back the badly wounded, just as steady as a hearse, Using leaves to keep the rain off, and as gentle as a nurse; Slow and careful in bad places on the awful mountain track, And the look upon their faces makes us think that Christ was black.

Not a move to hurt the carried, as they treat him like a saint, It's a picture worth recording that an artist's yet to paint. Many a lad will see his mother, and the husbands wee 'uns and wives,

Just because the Fuzzy Wuzzies carried them to save their lives From mortar or machine-gun fire or a chance surprise attack To safety and the care of doctors at the bottom of the track.

May the mothers in Australia, when they offer up a prayer, Mention these impromptu angels with the fuzzy wuzzy hair.

## WHITE IN A NIGHT

*My hair is grey, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men have grown from sudden fears.*

LITTLE did Byron think when he wrote this opening of his poem, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, that the lines would be referred to 127 years later in the course of a County Court trial.

The case was at Ilford, where a woman plaintiff stated that as a result of an accident her hair turned white in the course of a single night. A doctor giving evidence on her behalf said that he had had no experience of such a thing, but he cited Byron's story, which the judge said he had read and did not believe.

### Queen of Sorrows

Then there was evidence of doctors on the other side, one of whom said that with thousands of cases before him for each of the last thirty years, he had formed the opinion that accident can neither make the hair fall out nor turn it white in a night.

Does history misinform us, then, when it tells of Queen Marie Antoinette, whose auburn hair is said to have turned white, not indeed in a night, but during the brief term of the trial which led her to the guillotine? A similar change of hair-colour through fear or anxiety is said to have attended Baron Alphonse de Rothschild during the terrors of the Paris Commune. There seems, too, no reason for doubting the testimony of a medical writer, who, present at the trial of an Indian Mutineer, saw the man's jet black hair turn grey during the course of the half-hour's examination on which his life depended.

In his book, *Studies in Clinical Medicine*, Dr C. O. Hawthorne examines and explains the problem of this change of colour. While showing that as a rule the alteration comes gradually, he tells of a man one half of whose beard became snowy white during the last three days of his life. The rapid changes of which we read are not impossible, the author says, adding, "There is no reason for dismissing such cases as mere examples of overstatement arising from a popular love of the marvellous."

### In the Animal Kingdom

The natural change of colour of animals from brown or grey to white for winter comes progressively, but Sir John Richardson, Franklin's friend and seeker, obtained very interesting results with an Arctic lemming which, instead of being permitted to hibernate in a frigid temperature at the usual time, was kept fed, warm, and comfortable till winter was well advanced, with the result that it retained the dark-coloured garb proper to summer. It was then submitted to its ordinary winter temperature of 30 degrees below zero. As a result, at the end of a single night the fur on its cheeks and a patch on each shoulder had turned completely white, while at the end of a week its fur was entirely snow-like.

## Other Solar Systems

### THE MANY DOUBLE SUNS IN LYRA

OUR Sun provides us with most of the material joys of life together with a never-ending variety of charming effects and experiences, writes the CN Astronomer, but imagine, if possible, the increase in these delights, and possibly otherwise, if we possessed two suns to adorn our skies.

Now a multitude of such solar systems are known to astronomers, and some fine examples are to be seen in the little constellation of Lyra. A star-map showing where they are to be found appeared in the CN for July 10. The marvellous system of Beta in Lyra was then described, and there are three other different types of stellar solar-systems which may be readily identified when the sky is sufficiently dark. These are Zeta, Delta, and Epsilon, each presenting an example very different from the others and from our Solar System.

Zeta in Lyra is of only fourth magnitude and can be seen to be composed of two stars if viewed through a small telescope or powerful binoculars. These two stars may, however, be only apparently near through being almost in the line of sight. It is the larger of the two which is of particular interest, for this is known to be composed of two suns, both much larger than ours and only some four million miles apart; so, as in the case of Beta in Lyra (whose suns are also four million miles apart and not 40 million as previously stated), their surfaces cannot be far apart. Were they in the place of our Sun and as near, we should see two brilliant white discs about three times the width of our Sun, much brighter and only about their own diameter apart.

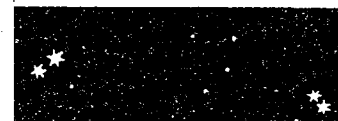
### Impressive Sights

They would ceaselessly go round and round a central point of gravity between them, in similar orbits, once in every 4 days and 4 hours. Much would depend for effect upon the angle at which our world revolved round this pair so as to produce eclipses of one by the other, or both at various angles by our Moon, while sunrise and sunset would also provide a never-ending variety of impressive effects. However, they are 116 light-years distant, 7,342,000 times farther than our Sun, and so they appear only as a faint little star.

Delta in Lyra may be seen by sharp eyes to be composed of two stars which binoculars will reveal splendidly. These may be gravitationally connected, but the larger of the two has itself been found to be composed of two suns. These average about 49 million miles apart and take 88 days to revolve in their orbits,

so if one of them was as near to us as our Sun, they would at times appear almost as far apart as Venus does from our Sun. They are very different and much hotter suns than those of Zeta, and are enveloped in helium. Moreover, a totally different series of solar effects would be produced by this pair, as sometimes one or both were present in a sky of ever-changing light.

Yet another and still more remarkable solar-system is pro-



The arrangement of the four suns composing the star Epsilon in Lyra—the five fainter stars are probably far beyond

vided by Epsilon in Lyra. Epsilon is one of the very few examples of double-suns visible to sharp eyes, and readily in any glasses, though the suns are upwards of a thousand light-years distant—that is, some 60 million times farther than the Sun. There a system of four suns are arranged as shown in the picture, each pair revolving in their own giant orbits, which are far greater than our Neptune's, the suns taking upwards of a thousand years to complete one revolution.

While each pair is travelling at great speed in the same direction in space they may be also revolving in a colossal orbit; this has been estimated to amount to many thousands of years and will take many years before it can be calculated with certainty. A remarkable peculiarity is the periodical outbursts of radiance which occurs in the larger central sun of each pair. In one case it happens at intervals of only 1 hour and 20 minutes, and in the other at intervals of 5 hours. Think how inconvenient and possibly very trying it would be if our Sun did this kind of thing!

Thus we gradually learn that there is no known limit to the variety of solar-systems in the depths of space, and therefore no known limit to the variety of forms of life possible in the "Heavens and Earths" that doubtless exist in those remote regions. G. F. M.

## PAINTING THE LONDON VILLAGE

A CHARMING old gentleman, with handsome features, white beard, and manner gentle and gracious, has recorded on canvas every scene worth painting in the unspoiled district where he has lived for most of his long life. He is Mr Charles Core, of Dulwich Village, a builder by trade, but for the past 30 years a landscape-painter. He has a thousand pictures in his studio, flower-paintings, country scenes, a few subject-portraits among them, but chiefly pictures of his village and its architectural treasures.

Jacobean and Georgian houses and cottages of rare beauty abound in Dulwich Village, and fortunately most of them have up till now escaped bomb-damage. Mr Core had a bomb in his own pleasant garden, but the chief damage was to the wall and the greenhouse. He was out on the hillside at Kenley, sketching an attractive summer view, when the Nazis made their first savage blitz on Croydon in 1940. The old artist looked up, shrugged his shoulders, and went on painting. That is the way of an English gentleman.



## Young Alexander the Great

THE peasants from the collective farm in the Russian village of Sandogar (a Russian Correspondent writes) were assembled in the village reading-room to decide who was to be chosen as the best worker. There were many candidates, because all the peasants had worked like horses, but the question was settled when the majority voted for Alexander Melnikov. This is his story.

Away on the edge of the village is the little log house which is his home. Alexander, a boy of 14, tall for his age, with a shy face and big brown eyes, shakes hands in a grown-up way and speaks quickly, but with dignity.

"My father and elder brother are at the Front. I'd like to have gone with them, but I can't leave the family without anyone. My older sister, Katerina, is working in a lumber camp and my mother is an invalid. I've another brother, Nikolai, in the fourth grade at school, and a little sister, Elena, who is five."

So Alexander is the breadwinner and manages the household. In the early morning he helps his mother at home. This means that he fills and set on the stove the heavy iron pots, with swill for the cows and sheep. He waters the animals and brings fuel and water for the family. He has taught his brother and sister to tidy the house.

Then Alexander goes out to his work on the farm, and never lags behind the grown-ups. Last year he carried manure to the fields, harrowed, and learned to follow the plough. Towards winter, at

his own request, a horse called Arrow was placed under his charge, and he decided that his horse was going to be the best-cared-for on the whole farm. Therefore he prepared extra good food for him, watered and groomed him punctually, spending all his spare time on him. By the spring Alexander's horse was the best of them all.

He was allowed to plough with this horse by himself. He chose the plough, mended the harness, and learned how the land lay in his allotted area before beginning. It was all very hard work for a fourteen-year-old boy, but he stood it manfully, knowing full well that the success of the crops needed for victory depended to a large extent upon him and others like him. But the great thing was that he not only worked well himself but taught other youngsters to follow his example.

Just as the collective farm had completed their grain-sowing, Alexander, returning home one evening, found a letter from his father. "I know, sonny, you don't need any pushing when it's a question of work, but still, remember you're taking the place of your father and brother. Work hard and honestly, so that we need never feel ashamed of you."

Alexander wanted to reply immediately, but he was too weary.

So time went by. But one day the collective farm chairman sent a letter to Alexander's father telling him the results of the first few days of fieldwork. He said that Alexander had more than fulfilled the work quota, and not only had he worked hard himself, but had set a good example to the others. They had finished the sowing five days before the time.

"You can be proud of a son like that," the letter concluded. Who would not be?

### The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts for Wednesday, July 21, to Tuesday, July 27.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Gingham Umbrella, a children's radio concert-party. 5.50 Letters in the Sand, by Laurens Sargent—No. 3, Cimet the Camel.

THURSDAY, 5.20 National Velvet, by Enid Bagnold, adapted as a serial play.—Part 3, The Race.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Concert by the two massed Children's Choirs which sang in the Wrexham School Music Festival on July 7. 5.45 The House at Westminster, by Megan Lloyd George.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Children's Magazine: this Scottish Number includes a short talk on the Centenary of Charles Macintosh, the Inventor of Waterproof Coats.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Helping with the Harvest. 5.50 Prayers.

MONDAY, 5.20. Ten Minutes Each. 5.45 Mobile X-Ray: Derek McCulloch hands over to the Red Cross the Children's Hour, X-Ray Unit bought with part of the £15,000 sent to "Mac" when he appealed for £1500.

TUESDAY, 5.30 But the Pilot is Safe—a submarine story.

## 85 A Missing Element Found

A MISSING element has been found in Switzerland, and its place among the others definitely approved. From hydrogen the lightest element to uranium the heaviest there are 92 steps on which the Earth rests; and these are the elements of which it is built. They have been discovered one by one, many after long and painful search, but two gaps have long been unfilled. They are the gaps where the steps, or the elements 85 and 87, should be, and are therefore near the top where those of the radioactive kind, like radium, are clustered. Now one of them has been definitely established. It is Element 85, now named helvetium in honour of Switzerland.

So ends a controversy about its discovery that has been going on for ten years.

### Two Claims

In 1933 Dr Walter Minder, Director of the Radium Institute, who was assisted by Dr Alice Leigh-Smith, a pupil of Madame Curie, announced that he had found the missing Number 85 among the actinium products, and placed in the line of descent of the chlorine, bromide, and iodine group of elements, the halogens. He named it helvetium. His claim, however, was not endorsed by the Zurich Physicists Society.

What complicated the claim further was that in the United States Dr Fred Allison of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, who had perfected a method of magnetic optical analysis of elements, announced that, together with Dr Fred Murphy, he had found Element 85 in monazite sands, and had named it alabamine in honour of his University. But the physicists of the University of Cornell seem to have had as much doubt about alabamine as those of Zurich had about Dr Minder's helvetium.

But now ten years later Zurich has revised its opinion. The revision has followed on further work by Dr Alice Leigh-Smith who, inspired by Dr Minder, began another investigation of radioactive actinium in 1940, and discovered in its disintegration some effects that could only be explained by the presence in it of some impurity, or, in other words, of a possible occurrence in it of some other element.

### Helvetium Accepted

After 18 months' work she not only disclosed the existence of this element, which is the missing 85, but succeeded in isolating a very minute quantity of the element itself. So Dr Minder is justified. His Element 85 is established and its name helvetium accepted.

But we still have to hear what Dr Allison has to say about his prior claims of discovery of alabamine and its authenticity in 1930, or thereabouts. His claim was not confined to Element 85, but extended to the other undiscovered Element 87 which he named virginium.

This long story is not without its chapter of accidents for Professor Aartrora of the Helsinki University suffered a severe injury to his eyes while prosecuting his research.

## The Great Atlantic Clean-up

SINCE North Africa was cleared of the Nazi and Fascist hordes no war news has been more significant than the defeat of the U-boat menace, on which the Nazis set such great store.

As the Prime Minister said in his speech at London's Guildhall: "More than 30 U-boats were certainly destroyed in the month of May. . . . Our Atlantic convoys came safely through and now, as a result of the May victory in the massacre of U-boats, we have had in June the best month from every point of view we have ever known in the whole 46 months of the war. . . . Since the middle of May scarcely a single merchant ship has been sunk in the whole of the North Atlantic."

The official statement, which in future is to be issued monthly by the British and U S Governments, announced that in June the losses of Allied and neutral merchant ships from submarine attacks were the lowest since the U S entered the war?

It has now been made known that the Admiralty have not only added to the number of U-boat hunters in the shape of destroyers, corvettes, and frigates, but that an important innovation has been the construction of small aircraft-carriers in concert with the U.S. These carriers have been quickly made by converting vessels originally designed as cargo ships. They have a flight deck erected above a mercantile hull; ample quarters are arranged for a complement of 70 officers and 450 men.

It is reported that these vessels have already proved a great success. The planes they carry can operate in waters where before no escorting planes

could protect merchant vessels. These escort-carriers are manned by crews specially trained for the work, and their appearance in the Atlantic has made a very great difference.

In June the German authorities have claimed the destruction of merchant ships at less than a fourth of the figure claimed a few months ago, and even their reduced claim is not taken seriously by the British Admiralty. Even the German Admiral Luetzow has admitted that "at present" we have the upper hand.

Such a success for the British, American, and Canadian forces will undoubtedly call for fresh counter-measures on the part of the Nazis; but the safe passage of enormous convoys of food and war material from America at such an important time is in itself a great victory.

### Britain's Pocket Money

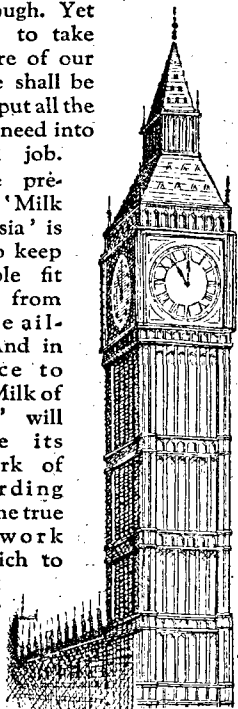
The increase in the National Income caused by the great expenditure on the war has led to a marked increase in the money used for small transactions.

What may be called the nation's pocket money, which was roundly £459,000,000 in 1939, has now risen to over £750,000,000. In 1938 silver coinage equalled £18,500,000, and increased to over £19,000,000 in 1942. In the same time, bronze coins had fallen from £2,800,000 to £2,100,000, but against this the nickel three-penny coins rose from £171,000 to £638,000.

...when chimes  
the  
Victory hour...

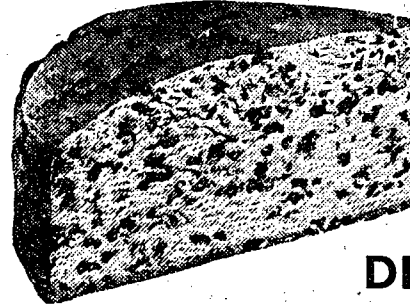
... we shall have another job of work to tackle — winning the peace. It is a task that will call for new ideas and new energy. We have the sound good sense to see it through. Yet if we fail to take proper care of our health we shall be unable to put all the effort we need into this vital job.

At the present time 'Milk of Magnesia' is helping to keep the people fit and free from digestive ailments. And in the Peace to follow, 'Milk of Magnesia' will continue its good work of safeguarding health—the true groundwork upon which to build a better Britain.



'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.



THERE  
IS A  
DIFFERENCE

Of course, the cakes you buy today, differ from the cakes you bought in pre-war days. This difference is due to the fact that the materials from which cakes are made are controlled and released to the manufacturers by the Ministry of Food.

The purpose of this is to ensure a continuity of supply, and to maintain a consistent standard of quality that will meet with general approval.

War-time cakes are less rich than pre-war cakes, but are wholesome and satisfying. The producers are proud of their reputations and endeavour to give the public the best they can produce from the materials available.

Remember that supplies  
are limited so don't buy  
more than your share





# THE BRAN TUB

## House Shortage

SMALL Boy: Why does the cuckoo lay its eggs in another bird's nest, Daddie?

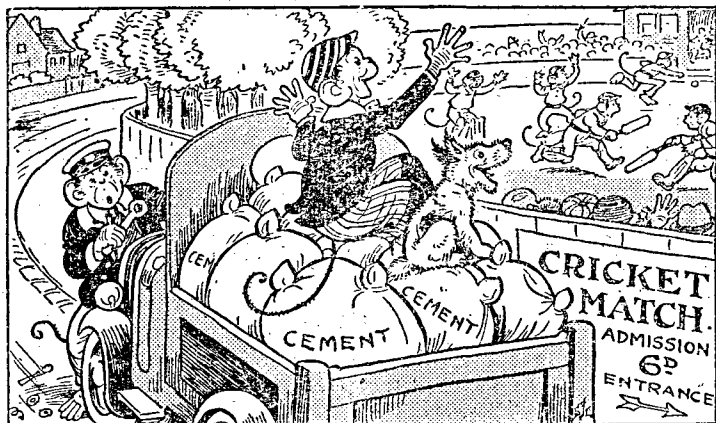
Daddie: (busy reading the paper): Oh, because of the housing problem, I expect.

## How to Keep Awake

A DARING young fellow named Blake

Ate cold suet pudding and cake,  
With lobster and toffee,  
And pickles and coffee;  
He managed to keep wide awake.

## Jacko Also Ran



"WHAT luck!" whooped Jacko, when he saw a lorry drawn up outside Jacko Town Cricket Ground. The driver was busy tinkering with the engine, and before you could bat an eyelid Jacko and Bouncer had climbed on to the lorry's cargo and were enjoying a free view of the match. "Oh, well hit, sir. Run it out!" shouted Jacko excitedly. But the lorry driver heard him—and Jacko (and Bouncer) also ran!

## What Are the Numbers?

The number 45 can be divided into four parts so that when two is added to the first, two taken away from the second, the third divided by two, and the fourth multiplied by two, the result of each will be the same. What are the numbers. *Answer next week*

## Proverbs From China

Go to law to win a cat and lose a cow.

The error of a moment becomes the sorrow of a lifetime.

Riches come better after poverty than poverty after riches.

He who pursues stags regards not hares.

One lash to a good horse; one word to a wise man.

Those who cannot sometimes be deaf are unfit to rule.

The gods cannot help a man who loses opportunities.

## TONGUE-TWISTER

HERE is my left hand and here is my right. If I lose my left hand my right is left, but the only one left is the right. If I am left with my right hand because my left hand has gone it is true that I am left with my right, and I can write with my right because it is left.

*Suits child or adult*

Here's a laxative for young or old, for the strong or the delicate. Lixen is thoroughly effective in action and, at the same time, so gentle as to be quite safe even for children. Made from senna pods, Lixen doesn't 'gripe' or irritate. And it is pleasant to take!

Lixen Elivir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 2/3, 3/11.  
Lixen Lozenges, fruit flavoured, in bottles, 1/8.  
Purchase Tax Incl.

Made in England by Allen & Hanbury Ltd.

# LIXEN

THE GOOD-NATURED

## Laxative

L50

## BEDTIME CORNER

### A Gentleman in a White Waistcoat

Do you love cats? I hope so, because this is all about Tigger, quite the cleverest and handsomest cat I know.

He has a lovely white waistcoat and in its pocket I am sure he keeps his watch, because every morning at exactly six o'clock he comes up to my bedroom and sings for his breakfast.

In the afternoon we say "Tea's ready, Tigger," and along he comes for tea and a piece of cake if we are lucky enough to have any, and at dinnertime he always looks at our dog's dinner just to see if he likes it better. If he does, he helps Terry first and then eats his own.

When he was tiny we nearly lost him, for he got caught in a nasty snare. Snare are dreadfully cruel, and Tigger says people who put them down for poor little animals ought to be snared themselves and then they would not do it again.

It was bitterly cold, and everything was thick with snow when puss was caught. We called and

## Countryside Riddles

WHAT is lengthened by being cut at both ends? A ditch.

When is a fish like an airman? When it rises and takes a fly.

What was the biggest moth in the world? The mammoth.

What is that which goes up the hill and down the hill, and yet stands still? The road.

When is a tree as comfortable as a bed? When it is down.

## A Quaker Answered

AMINADAB, with phiz demure,  
Knocked at Mr Owen's door.  
With widened mouth and lengthened chin,  
He asked, "Is friend ON within?"

Now, John, who dearly loved a joke,

In tone like that the Quaker spoke,

With bow most reverently low,  
As drawlingly replied N O.

## MISSING WORDS

HERE is a poem with five words missing. All are different, but are spelt with the same letters. Can you fill them in?

How does the sluggard's garden grow

When . . . . . are high and profits low,

When . . . . . and bindweed slowly spoil?

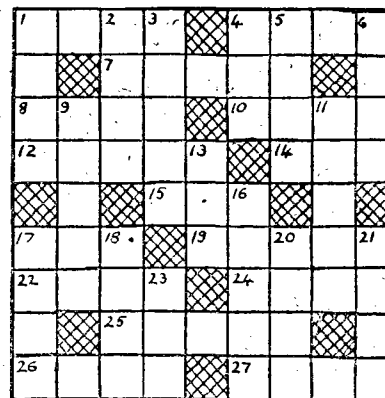
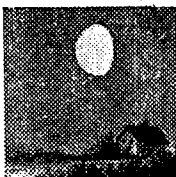
No careful culture . . . . . the soil;

But weeds that . . . . . are all alive

Where . . . . . pink or rose should thrive. *Answer next week*

## Other Worlds

IN the evening Venus is in the south-west. In the morning Saturn is in the east and Mars is in the south-east. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 6.30 a.m. Double Summer Time, on Thursday, July 22.



The Children's Newspaper, July 24, 1943

## Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 Produces grapes. 4 Competent. 7 To obliterate. 8 A prophet. 10 A leg joint. 12 To provide with permanent support. 14 Noise. 15 To disencumber. 17 To sever. 19 Not at any time. 23 A brave man. 24 Without covering. 25 Self-contained military forces. 26 To set at liberty. 27 To end.

Reading Down. 1 Holds cut flowers. 2 Urgent want. 3 A mistake. 4 Demand. 5 To be curved. 6 The first garden. 9 To come after. 11 Duck which gives us valued down. 13 To succeed. 16 Obligations. 17 Head cook. 18 Genuine. 20 Huge. 21 To harvest. 23 A single thing. *Answer next week*

## Brain Food

A STAUNCH vegetarian said,  
"Since a cabbage possesses a head,  
I will eat two or three  
Every day for my tea,  
For in this way my brain will be fed!"

## USEFUL TO KNOW

A NOTE in a book or other short paragraph that is set in very small type can be read very much more easily if with a pencil point we punch a hole in a card and read the print by looking through the hole.

## THE THREE MUSTARDEERS DISCLOSE THE ENEMY'S HAND

AS THE MUSTARDEERS chose a table in the little tea cottage the gentle old lady in charge persuaded them to move to another. Yet two minutes later when two Army captains entered and were selecting a table, she led them to the table the Mustardeers had left!

On being seated, one officer, leaning forward to speak to his companion, made to move the flower bowl on the table. But it was fixed! Seeing this, Jim tried the one on their table. It came up in his hand! "Strange," said Roger. "We were kept from that table—those officers were led to it. Our bowl can be moved—theirs can't. This needs looking into!" He wrote two messages and, with finger to mouth enjoining silence, gave them to the officers.

One captain stayed at his own table, talking, it seemed, to himself. The other went to the Mustardeers' table where Roger explained about the tables and bowls, and voiced his suspicions. "This is serious," said Capt. Bracken. "We were talking over a very important matter, and thought no one could hear. But your discovery alters things. Now I see why you wished Capt. Bryan to carry on talking while we had this pow-wow." Then Roger outlined a plan.

Said Capt. Bracken, returning to his table: "I say, I left the plan of campaign in the car." "But," said Capt. Bryan, "we didn't." Capt. Bracken went on quickly, "It's all right. We'll get it after tea." He passed a note to Capt. Bryan. It read, "Play up to me—suspect spies."

The old lady brought the Mustardeers' tea, and left. Then Roger, at the window, saw an old man, wearing a green apron, go to the gate. But he saw something which proved his suspicions beyond doubt. For as the old man opened the gate, Roger saw—

a hand with a twisted finger!

"Stars! It's Twisty!" he exclaimed, and told Capt. Bracken all about the Man with the Twisted Finger.

"If he's so cunning, when he finds no car he'll suspect my remark was a ruse to draw him! I'm going to get him," said Capt. Bracken, drawing his revolver. But as he opened the room door he was faced by the old lady, holding a gun and no longer looking gentle! "Drop your guns," she ordered the officers. "You thought you were smart, discovering our microphone in the flower bowl. It has told us many interesting things. And now we know all we wanted to know about your swinish Commando

raid. The microphone's services are ended; but so are your lives."

"Well," said Mary, "this looks like our last tea. Let's use it. Our hostess might like some." She poured it out. Roger and Jim saw her idea. They each lifted a cup, and splashed the scalding hot tea into the woman's face.

She dropped her gun and flung her hands to her face. Capt. Bryan dragged her into the room.

The click of the gate brought all eyes to the window. The woman tried to scream a warning to the green-aproned figure coming up the path, but Capt. Bryan covered her mouth. As the old man reached the door, Roger flung it open. "Hands up," ordered Capt. Bracken. The old man lifted his hands. Roger nearly collapsed. This was not Twisty. "I don't know what this be," said the old man. "A man outside asks me, would I do a job for his missus. I will, says I. 'E gives me his apron and five pun, and 'ere I be." Again Twisty had escaped.

Instead of the Commando raid there was a heavy bombing raid on the French coast. It destroyed not only the Commando's proposed objective but also the defensive preparations planned to meet our Commandos on receipt of Twisty's information.

SAID JIM: "That makes it so much the better, as the boy said when he took Mustard with his dinner."

## THE MUSTARDEERS' OATH

We will have mustard whenever we can get it. It makes good food taste better. It helps us to keep healthy and strong. We will have mustard—

**COLMAN'S MUSTARD**

